

## Gossip of Summer Fashions



ALMOST without exception do skirts rest their decorative salvation on plaits, flat-stitched folds, and deep-shaped yoke-pieces. The ensemble is emphatically neat, the actual presence of this skilled sartorialism being only revealed perhaps as the wearer walks and the folds "flare" out. A jupe of quite exceptionally pleasing appearance, and of altogether satisfactory order, is laid most dexterously in two flat plaits about the hips, to simulate a yoke and panel appearance. This is usually surmounted by a species of banded bolero, treated in similar fashion and relieved by some soupçon of color, the latter more often than not occurring in the shape of an oriental or eastern embroidery.

But, I remark, it is no longer de rigueur to talk of banded boleros; everything is a little coat or coatee, which is a trifle confusing, though doubtless more chic. While sacques are sacques; though these again require to be differentiated by the adjectives, long, short, three-quarter, etc. For wear beneath the more fitted tailor achievements, the woman who makes a fetish of her figure—who of us would be the first to lift a stone up at the weakness?—adopts special corsets, rather elaborately and severely boned below the waist. Then another really admirable detail, greatly appreciated by those inclined to embellish, is a little highly-boned cache-corset, arranged of the same batiste as the corsets, on to which the former is held down by an elastic casing under the petticoat hook. For wearing beneath summer slips and blouses, or as I have said before, for immaculate tailoring, this cache-corset is a veritable treasure, and enables a low-cut corset, always so nice for evening wear, to do all-round duty.

Perchance, just on the face of things, clothes do appear a little busy this season; and as summer is upon us, with its fascinations of ephemeral muslins, batistes and foulards, we find a certain acceptable resource in gauzings and frills, and what is graphically termed "furbelows." I am prepared to vouch for this, as also, for the persuasion of foulard, of a peculiarly silky quality, that might well be mistaken for a taffeta mousseline. There is quite a feeling for spots, often besprinkled over almost invisible checks, or again alternated with a cluster of pin-line stripes. The foulards in some kind of quality, it is noted, we shall wear, and wear with even more than the pleasure which has been heretofore afforded to us by this most estimable fabric.

ELLEN OSMONDE.

## Attractive Rainy-Day Garments



MY LADY no longer fears the rainy day as of old. The coming of the cravenette has made it possible for her not only to get out of doors in the worst of weather, but to get out without "looking a fright," as was deemed necessary a few short seasons ago. Cravenette is the magic word which has accomplished this wonder. The cravenette coats come in full or three-quarter lengths. The full length is the more generally serviceable and becoming, as it covers a gown completely and emphasizes slenderness of form. The backs of these coats are box shaped, full or fitted. The fronts hang straight. Loose belts girdle most of the models. Sleeves have an easy fullness and are decidedly puffed over cuffs that appear in all possible variations of the fundamental narrow, loose cuff. Many of the coats have slit openings in the front near the button lines for the hands to slip through. The double-breasted finish predominates, and among the most fetching buttons are those of cravenette trimmed with steel or brass. The collars are, as a rule, small, flat velvet turn-overs. Short capes, single, double or triple, form the shoulder finish of the majority of the coats, the triple capes leading in popularity. One finds extremes of simplicity and elegance in cravenette coats. Side by side, with a dark gray of severest finish, hangs a light red, long coat, satinted throughout, with triple cape turn-over collars of white cloth braided in red, and cravenette buttons trimmed with steel, that is quite as much intended for rain as the quiet gray model.

## PHILIPPINE HOUSEKEEPING.

An American Army Officer's Wife Relates Her Experience with a Puzzling Problem.

For a few days we all took our meals at the general mess. Then began housekeeping in earnest. We were obliged to keep three servants, all men, and send all our washing out, for each man or "muchacho" in the Philippines will do only one kind of work. We, therefore, had a Filipino cook, waiter and houseboy. The cook asked for an assistant, and was firmly but politely refused. In our small house I was literally falling over men servants, and did not care to trip over their boy assistants, writes an army officer in the New York Post.

The average Filipino cook gets \$9 gold a month and his food, and the waiter and houseboy each \$6. During the Spanish regime the latter two received \$5 each a year, with clothes and food. They calmly tell you this.

All cooks go to market daily, and I found it unwise to give ours a large piece of money, as a small piece brought home nearly the same quantity of food. A little experience and a personal visit or two to the market taught me to give him so many "motors" for each vegetable. A motor is a copper piece, and eight are equal to five cents in our money.

Juan, who for a time was tableboy, and whom later I made cook, for cook number one carried off too many edibles under his fancy coat, was of a surly disposition. I never had any real fear of him, or of any of the others, though I have been quite alone in the house with them. An amusing thing occurred one day in this connection. I had bought several chickens from my regular woman, and they were carefully put in the room below the kitchen through a hole in the floor. Our Filipino landlord, like some home landlords, would not mend the broken boards. The chickens escaped into the yard next door, where a tailor lived noted for ugly disposition. Juan was sent for the chickens, but returned empty handed and in a great temper. The following conversation occurred in Spanish of a very mixed character. Being translated, it ran somewhat as follows:

"Lady, I went for your chickens, but the tailor called me a 'ladrone' (meaning thief, and an epithet a man naturally hates to have applied to him). 'I am not a thief, and I came for my bolo. I am going over to fight him.'"

"Juan," I answered, calmly, looking up from my book: "I sent you for the chickens, and if he called you a thief, he meant me. Go to the kitchen and get lunch; it is late."

"No, no," Juan said, "I'm not a ladrone," and he went away, returning in a moment to the door with a bolo, long and clean and sharp as a razor. I had heard him sharpening it many a time on the "patio" tiles preparatory to going below to cut wood for his stove.

"Lady, I am going over to fight the tailor, and maybe kill him."

"Juan, you're not."

"Lady, I am."

By this time the tears were running down his cheeks, he was so angry.

"Come here, Juan," I said.

He came nearer, with the bolo steel shining in the sunlight. "I told you to get lunch. Now, I want you to put that bolo away and mind me." All the time I looked him straight in the eyes.

Juan hesitated, muttered in his native tongue, looked at the sharp bolo, then at me, and finally went to his kitchen. The tailor remained a whole man.

Juan had scruples against carrying a basket to the market. I suppose his pride stood in the way. When I asked him why he did not take a basket when I saw him appear with the marketing wrapped in a big handkerchief, he always answered that he had forgotten it.

The air of candor with which he told me this day after day was fairly astonishing. Another characteristic of the Filipino is his incessant smoking. I almost believe he smokes in his sleep. The servants were forbidden to smoke inside the house, but as they were comparatively good men, I pretended not to have any sense of smell.

One day on going suddenly into the kitchen I found Juan with a cigar a foot long in his mouth while he broiled the meat. It was the last straw. I spoke out in kitchen Spanish, and the cook benefited by the same and incidentally burned the meat. I believe that muchacho was truly sorry for me for he did not smoke again for two or three days. He was too good a cook to discharge, and really one kind of smoke isn't much worse than another in the kitchen.

## Diseases Known by Numbers.

In the larger city hospitals the young doctors on the house staff and the visiting physicians never use the nine or ten syllable words that they employ in making a report of a clinic for a medical journal or at a meeting of the County Medical society. They refer to diphtheria as a case of "dip" in some hospitals, and other complaints, such as typhoid fever or pneumonia, are abbreviated in the same way, so that the physicians and nurses understand them, even if the relatives who visit the patients do not. But in most of the hospitals numbers are substituted for names. The visiting physician is told that a patient is suffering from a case of No. 1, No. 2, or No. 3, meaning thereby smallpox, typhoid fever, or diphtheria, respectively. As such they go down on the hospital books.—N. Y. Times.

## Cooking School Failures.

Parker—Can your daughters make puddings and cakes?  
Darker—Oh, yes, they can make them, but they can't make the family eat them.—Detroit Free Press.

## DOG REVEALS A MURDER.

The Faithful Animal Leads Searching Party to New-Made Grave of Master.

How a dog led to the discovery of his master's murderer was told at the Haute Seine assizes in Paris the other day, when an Italian woodcutter named Cassinelli was put upon his trial.

On November 10, 1902, Cassinelli, called at the house of his employer, Jean Bonati, and asked for his wages. Mme. Bonati said she was surprised he had not seen her husband, as he had gone to look for Cassinelli in the forest. Next day the woodcutter returned, saying that he had spent the day in a fruitless search for his employer. A party was organized to search the wood for Bonati, and with those who joined in the expedition was Cassinelli and the missing man's dog.

About two hours' walk from Chevalline, in the heart of the forest, the dog suddenly left the party. Cassinelli tried to induce the searchers to take another direction, but the dog's manner was so peculiar, and he indicated so plainly that he was following a scent, that the party decided to be guided by the animal. Then the Italian burst into tears. The dog ran up a broad slope, stopped short in a thicket, and commenced to scratch a heap of leaves and moss. Willing hands aided the animal, and in a few moments the corpse of the unfortunate Bonati, bearing ten terrible knife wounds, was laid bare.

Cassinelli was accused of the crime, and the jury brought in a verdict finding him guilty of assassination, with premeditation, followed by robbery, but according him extenuating circumstances. He was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

## PAYS CHICAGO TRIBUTE.

British Consul in That City Gives Glowing Account of the Prosperity Prevailing There.

The British consul at Chicago, W. Wyndham, in his annual report on Chicago and the whole consular district, gives a glowing account of the great and increasing prosperity thereof and pays high tributes to American methods. He expresses the opinion that the progress of the country is largely due to "the opportunity both in business and in employment in this large, young country, the encouragement given to workmen, the rewarding of merit, the intimate acquaintance of the heads of firms with the work of their subordinates, the keen enthusiasm shown by the workmen in the interests of their employers and to the absolute fearlessness on the part of the business man in venturing on experiments either in machinery or system that may be brought before him."

Mr. Wyndham urges the importance of a careful study of the business and manufacturing methods of the United States and the adoption of those which are suitable to the country where trade is sought for. He considers that such a study is indispensable to holding trade where English merchants are active. This study must, however, be prolonged for several months, as a short stay of a day or two in the big cities, so often deemed sufficient by European visitors, is "worse than useless, as anyone not accustomed to their ways at first only sees the bad points and learns nothing."

## POTTER'S NEW SALOON.

New York Bishop to Establish a Drinking Place That Will Be Free from Treating and Women.

Backed by a number of well-known men in this city who share Bishop Potter's ideas regarding saloon saloons, the "Acorn No-Treating Tavern," to be located on Upper Broadway, New York, will be shortly opened. Bishop Potter and Dr. Rainsford will be asked to indorse the enterprise and be present at the opening.

The objects of the new tavern are thus set forth in the prospectus:

To eliminate private profit from liquor selling.

To divorce the liquor traffic from politics and to attack blackmail.

To decrease the per capita consumption of liquors.

To dissociate immorality from the drinking habit.

Managers of the new tavern are all to be teetotalers. Drinks will be sold for ten cents. No women are to be permitted in the place and no intoxicated man can buy a drink.

## HIS TIME WAS NOT UP.

And Father Made Him Take Off His Good Clothes and Work Another Half Day.

A man of a mercenary spirit had several sons, one of whom was on the eve of his twenty-first birthday. The father had always been a strict disciplinarian, keeping his boys well under parental charge, allowing them few liberties and making them work hard, relates Youth's Companion.

It was with a feeling of considerable satisfaction that the young man rose on the morning of his birthday and began to collect his personal belongings preparatory to starting out in the world.

The father, seeing his son packing his trunk, which he rightly judged to be evidence of the early loss of a good farmhand, stopped at the door of the young man's room and asked what he was going to do.

The boy very promptly reminded his father of the day of the month and the year, and declared his intention of striking out in the world on his own account.

"Not much you won't," shouted the old man, "at least not for awhile yet. You wasn't born until after 12 o'clock, so you can just take off them good clothes and fix to give me another half-day's work down in the potato patch."

**Feels Younger and Stronger.**

Festus, Mo., May 4th.—Mr. January S. Lilly, a highly respected old gentleman, aged 76, and whose home is in Festus, says: "For many years I was failing in health. My kidneys were weak and gave me no end of trouble. I had pains in my back and hips so bad that I could not sit up straight without bracing my back, and could not sit only a few minutes in any one position."

"I had to get up during every night very frequently to relieve myself."

"Our doctor said I had Kidney and Bladder Inflammation. I have suffered for over five years in this way, always worse at night. I could get no relief and was getting worse till I used Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"After I had used a few boxes of this remedy I felt stronger and better than I have for years and years. My pains all left me and I can rest and sleep."

"Every old man or woman who feels as I felt should use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I am sure they will not be disappointed. They brought me out wonderfully."

Nell—"Would you marry a man just because he happened to be rich?" Bess—"Of course not. But, then, I would try awfully hard to get him to marry me."—Comic Cuts.

**Ladies Can Wear Shoes**

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. A certain cure for swollen, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

It may be foolish to struggle against the inevitable, but we all have more or less admiration for the man who refuses to let it knock him out in the first round.—Puck.

**Stops the Cough**

and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents

Sarcasm is a poor weapon with which to fight the devil; a poorer one with which to win friends.—United Presbyterian.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Work alone gives value to rest.—Ram's Horn.



Mrs. Tupman, a prominent lady of Richmond, Va., a great sufferer with woman's troubles, tells how she was cured.

"For some years I suffered with backache, severe bearing-down pains, leucorrhoea, and falling of the womb. I tried many remedies, but nothing gave any positive relief."

"I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in June, 1901. When I had taken the first half bottle, I felt a vast improvement, and have now taken ten bottles with the result that I feel like a new woman. When I commenced taking the Vegetable Compound I felt all worn out and was fast approaching complete nervous collapse. I weighed only 98 pounds. Now I weigh 109½ pounds and am improving every day. I gladly testify to the benefits received."—Mrs. R. C. TUPMAN, 423 West 30th St., Richmond, Va.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me?"

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak and sick.

Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women. Perhaps she has just the knowledge that will help your case—try her to-day—it costs nothing.



Take  
a dose of Prickly Ash  
Bitters at night when you  
go to bed and you will feel bright  
and vigorous next morning. It will  
insure you a copious and healthy  
movement of the bowels, improved  
appetite and digestion and in-  
creased energy in body and  
brain. Sold everywhere  
at \$1.00 per  
bottle.

If interested in agency work write quick for particulars and terms. Agents wanted everywhere.

**WM. MCKINLEY**  
Born Jan. 29, 1863  
Died Sept. 14, 1901  
God's Will, Not ours be done.

**MCKINLEY KNIFE NO. 16 2 BLADES \$1.00. NO. 2623 BLADES \$1.40.** Send for one in closing picture, name of emblem or verse you desire on handle and if you are not fully satisfied, send it back and we will refund your money. Send 2 cent stamp for catalogue explaining many advantages of the Golden Rule Knife. **G. S. TATE, MANAGER.**  
Golden Rule Cutlery Works, 815 West Division Street, Chicago, Illinois.

## GET RICH QUICK!

Every day, every hour, lost in sickness, represents so much money out of your income.

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Do not allow yourself to get sick, or, if sick, get well as fast as you can.

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medicaments, which purify the blood and vitalize the nerves.

Ozomulsion contains cod liver oil, guaiacol, glycerine and hypophosphites.

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